

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,  
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.

*King. Emilius* doe this message honourably,  
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

*Emilius*. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

*Exit.*

*Tamora*. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,  
And temper him with all the Art I haue,  
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.  
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,  
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

*Saturnine*. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with  
Drums and Souldiers.*

*Lucius*. Approued warriors, and my faithfull friends,  
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,  
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,  
And how desirous of our fight they are.  
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,  
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,  
Let him make trebble satisfaction.

*Goth*. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,  
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,  
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,  
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,  
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,  
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,  
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

*of Titus Andronicus.*

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Lucius*. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all,  
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child  
in his armes.*

*Goth*. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,  
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,  
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,  
Vpon the wasted building suddainly,  
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,  
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,  
The crying babe controld with this discourse:  
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,  
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.  
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,  
They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe:  
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,  
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,  
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,  
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.  
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him  
Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither  
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.

*Lucius*. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,  
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,  
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empresse eye,  
And here's the base fruite of her burning lust,  
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,  
This growing Image of thy friendlike face,  
Why doost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

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